WARRING TO STATE OF THE STATE O Herald.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1884.

A Woman's Wish.

Would I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging And scented silence at my head and feet,

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry, In eager basis, from Thought's impatient neck.
And watch its coursing, in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beek!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest:
No sound except my own heart's sturdy beat Rocking itself to sleep within my breast-

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing That comes of listening to a wild bird's Our soul requires at times this full unsheath-All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too

And I am tired— so tired of rigid duty.
So tired of all my tired bands and to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty.
Its loose beads with no straight string run-ning through!

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed,
Die for the small joys held beyond their And the assurance they have all they need!

A FIT OF THE BLUES.

"Now, if there's one thing more than another I enjoy, it is a race-of course I mean a boat race, not the race human, for the latter has caused me so many disappointments that I don't quite take to its members, excepting the softer portion of it—the fair sex bless their pretty little hearts-that is,

when they have got any-ahem!" This was the substance of a soliloquy one bright August morning, about five a. m., at which time the clouds were leaden-hued and the weather inclined to be spitefully unpropitious.

A knock at the door. "Come in," says I, and Mary Swivel entered, with a delicate pink note, say-

ing:
"Please, sir, this was left late last night, with instructions to deliver it at once; but, as you had gone to bed, I kept it till this morning.

How my heart palpitated, at the sight of the elegant missive, and how I longed to kiss-not Mary-but it-because my adorable Adela Poynter had

"All right, Mary," I said, assuming an air of nonchalance I was far from feeling; "its from Smith, I suppose. A cup of chocolate, please, and a few bis-

When Mary left I kissed the billet dowx rapturously, exclaiming:
"My darling! I hold you to my lips.

My own precious!" So elated was I that I danced around the room in an insane way, making the glasses chink on the sideboard, and nearly dislodging the pietures, owing to the wall being made of lath and plaster.

Tenderly, gently I undid the envelope-coaxing it open-not tearing it ruthlessly across as if it were a bill from a dunning tailor. The epistle ran thus:

"DEAR TED-As soon as the shops in Se reh yand open. I want you to get garden, with plenty of forget-"Of course, your steam launch will be waiting at Putney. I can find my way on board.
"My cousin—Major O'Gardy—will cicer-

one me.

"Mind, I particularly want that color."

Whatever you do, don't make a flasco of the day (as you did at the last Derby) or Fil never forgive you.

Yours ever,

ADELA."

Somehow I didn't like the allusion to the gallant major, and heartily wished that she had not deputed me to undertake the task she has assigned me. But what was I to do? If Adela had

one fault it was imperiousness; implicit obedience to her slightest wish was a sine qua non and no one more than I knew this, as I had been snubbed repeatedly by her for short comings in that respect.

"Thank goodness!" I murmured, "he's only a consin-I'm not afraid of him cutting me out. He's a regular veteran, no doubt, with only one eye, half a leg, and a stump of an arm. I don't fear him as a rival-no, not L'

Hereupon I began humming, in a sarcastic way, "Let me like a soldier fall," and, somehow, my hand clenched itself mechanically, as if to suit the action of the word on the person of the absent major. "Fiasco, indeed!" I grunted, not

liking the allusion to the last Derby. Especially as Adela might in one of her playful moods relate it to the major-how I began to hate all military men!-who, of course, being my rival-I felt a presentiment that he waswould twit me about the unfortunate

Having taken you, gentle reader, into my confidence so far, it is only right I should open my heart to you, and allow you to judge at the little incident to which my adorable Adeia referred.

I was in the seventh heaven of delight when she consented to go to the Derby with me, thinking, of course, that we were to have a tete-a-tete drive.

and talk of love, and so forth, like all lovers do, or at least should under similar circumstances. But imagine my disgust when she

sailed into my room, accompanied by a want. I think I deserve a kiss." maiden aunt in green goggles, and a

gave a silent sign to Adela, unobserved, I hoped, to take a seat by my side. The horses were a little mettlesome, and requested my utmost attention at the moment. How my heart fluttered with delight

at the rustic of a lady's dress, and, looking around with a tender smile full of the light of love, what was my horror to find that it was the ancient in goggles, and not my darling Adela. How long the road appeared to me, although we went over the ground at a

In vain I tried to enter into conversation with my angelic Adela; my neck was nearly twisted in the attempt,

while my face got as red as a peony with exertion. The rude remarks that some of the lower order made-the gentry who drove in donkey carts and green grocers' vans-were quite shocking. all having reference to the elderly

spinster at my side. "Twig the old uns' gig-lamps!" said one facetious costermonger. Another bawled out:

his granny out for a hairing!" Luckily for Miss Askew, she was very deaf, and didn't hear the uncom-

ry to say, provoked sounds of suppressed merriment from the ruby lips of my Adela and her two sisters. In vain I sought for an opportunity of ten minutes nione with my darling.

Her aunt and sister haunted us, and, or \$15 per acre now brings from \$4,000 as they came out to enjoy the day, and to \$8,000 per acre.

not to spoon, thought it was no infliction upon me to pester me with questions and to be electroned to all Men Who Think they Concent Their

kinds of queer places. Anybody that wanted two doses of my torture would be more than covetous; but my fertile brain hit upon a plan for circumventing the enemy, for such I deemed the ladies-excepting, of course, my adorable Adela, who really looked lovely in her blue silk, which color she greatly affected, owing to her having won honors at the Cambridge

examination for ladies. I managed the matter splendidly by getting Adela and myself lost in a crowd just before the time for going home, and having instructed my groom what to do, felt that now I could enjoy myself with my own precious pet.

I led her up the downs, and we seated ourselves on a grassy mound, she protesting all the while that we ought to go in search of our party, but, of course, not meaning a word of what she said-women are so artful, you

I could have lingered on forever in that delicious spot, where fragrant turf made so nice a seat, and a delicious balmy air cooled the heat, while yellow gorse formed a pretty picture

for the eyes to dwell upon. I pressed my darling's hand, sighed, looked languishing, and was about to propose, when unearthly sounds caused us both to start to our feet, and there stood an aged donkey braying pitcously, only a few paces behind. Adela burst into a merry peal of laughter, in which I, perforce had to join; but from that day to this I have religiously

hated donkeys, human or otherwise. Of course I, hypocrite that I was, expressed great concern when we discovered that my drag was gone-secretly I was delighted; but "Be sure your sin will find you out" was a truism I was to illustrate by bitter ex-

To make a long story short, I con-soled my adored Adela by taking two of the best seats on a hired drag, luckily paying our fares in advance. At the first halt I had to procure my darling some sherry, she was so much upset by an accident she had wit-

nessed. It was a roadside inn, and I had to push my way through a dense crowd. I got what I required, and was coming out by degrees, as lawyers are said to get to heaven, when my hat was tilted over my eyes, and I received a not over-gentle pat on the back of my

Naturally I put my hand up to save my deer stalker with its green vail and little later on, when I missed my. purse, watch and chain; in fact, I had been cleverly cleaned out of all my money and valuables.

This was the liasco my reader, I will go on with my further

adventures. Having breakfasted I made myself look smart, and made my way on "Very sorry, str, said an extremely

polite shopman, "but we haven't any left. We have ordered more ribbon. though, and expect it in every moment. Picase take a seat." My precious pet had named the very establishment I was in so often in my

hearing that I dare not go to any other for fear of incurring her displeasure. To save time, however, I hailed a hansom and drove to Covent Garden Market, where I purchased one of the

the chief feature in it. It was very late when I got back to lined face and reedy voice are over-Putney, only to find that no one was looked, though they tell the tale of his allowed to pass over the bridge, as the earthly pilgrimage beyond the power race was a very important regatta at-

tended by great crowds. In vain I argued with the policeman that, being a light weight, the structure ran no danger from my crossing it. He was inexorable, although he pocketed my half-crown with a grin

I looked through my opera glasses, and saw the "Fairy," my seam launch, and distinctly made out Adela, by whose side was a handsome man, not at all a veteran, and evidently making himself very agreeable judging by the way she smiled.

I pocketed the tell-tale glasses with a great big D, and west in search of a boat. But as ill luck would have it, they were all at the Surrey side of the By dint of sundry signs, waving of

pocket-handkerchiefs and violent gesticulations, I at last brought one to my The boatman piled it on; but like another Richard; I would have swapped a kingdom for a horse, like the ass was, so eager was I to get to my be-

I stood on the deck, and what do you think I saw? Why Adela wearing another bow, and carrying a fine bouquet.

oved.

The gallant O'Gardy held out a finger to welcome me; but, ignoring it, said to Adela:

"My darling, I have brought all you And, eager to show the major that dog, and her two sisters.

Of course I expressed my delight at love was concerned. I—yes—actually the unexpected influx to our party, kissed her before his very eyes. The and mounting the box of my drag, next moment I was lifted up bodily and thrown overboard, with the awful words ringing in my cars:

"You scoundrel, how dare you kiss my wife?" Dear reader, can you wonder that whenever I am invited to any boat race | admirably adapt themselves temporari-

have "a fit of the blues?"

A Philosopher Stumped. I've hired two men to pull fodder by he day and two to pull by the hundred bundles. I want to see which is the cheaper. But they get me anyhow, and I can't help it. If they pull by the tude to resist inclement temperature is day they don't make 150 good bundles acquired and lost in turn; that people apiece, which they ought to make at nurtured in temperate or cold climates, seventy-five cents a day, and if they pull by the 100 they make over 200 a much less sensitive to the cold for a day, and some of them are mighty light. But it is all right, I reckon. They are watching me and I am watching them. It is the same old storyin all trades. You can count the bands in a bundle, but you can't count the genitor is not in." Caller—"I am one blades in a band, and so they make plimentary remarks, which, I am sor-

> Land at Bar Harbor that could have been-bought sixteen years ago for \$10

AN INSAND CUSTOM.

Age by Dyeing Their Hair There is only one person in the universe who can compel as much attention from those who do not know him as a man who wears a wig, and that is the man who dyes his hair. His life is a prolonged ovation. Wherever he roams he creates interest. Everybody looks at him; everybody thinks about

him; many talk about him. Yet the general attention he receives should not be charged up to either hisassertiveness or vanity. He is usually a modest man and always an unsuspicious one. He is serenely unconscious of the figure he cuts; entirely unaware of the distinction he enjoys.

Wrapped in the comfortable hallucination that the world can never discover his little secret, he floats through life on flowery beds of bliss. He fancies he has cheated old time complete-In his own opinion he has baffled age in the most ingenious manner. Whether the poison of the dye has softened his brain, or the belief that he

has sliced twenty or more years from his apparent age without any one guessing it has upset his mind, none will ever know; but mental soundness seems to depart when hair dye takes its place among his toilet accessories. Under the influence of nitrate of silver or any combination of lead and sulphur Cæsars become simpletons, Nanoleons nothings.

Look at the face of the man with the dyed hair as he sits in happy uncon-sciousness of the fact that he is the cynosure of all eyes. Its expression is one of childlike sancilication. He is at peace with the world and blind to the absurdity of his appearance. He never dreams that his little dodge can be detected clear across the street. His mental sturdiness has got out of the way of the smell of sulphur, and keeps out of the way.

He never notices that when he visits at the homes of his friends they open all the windows. It never occurs to him when ladies who sit next to him in street cars fan vigorously that his hair dye is responsible. A great flourish of perfumed handkerchiefs when he appears never alarms him. It takes a man of a very trustful nature to dye his hair and go through life with an undisturbed mind.

If the color he forced his locks to take on at all resembled anything in nature his serenity of mind could be understood. Frequently it is a curious, unclassified blue, so unlike any thought no more of the accident till a respectable hue under the sun that you

alluded to; so having made a clean of silver is the article which does viobreast of the matter to you, gentle lence to nature, the hair turns a dull. clusive rights over this interesting in stockings and I would see Santa Claus gritty red, about as becoming to any tial .- N. Y. Hour. face as a wig made of red willows would be.

Sometimes a deep, deep black is areverything was ready for the reception of Adela. Then I took the train from rathey Bridge station, and rever grew on a winte everything was ready for the reception of Adela. Then I took the train from rathey Bridge station, and rever grew on a winte man's head as black as it is. No rather the man's head as black as it is. No rat board my steam faunch to see that rived at. No hair ever grew on a white

leather red. face and the extravagantly youthful darkness of his hair, which he never sees and nobody else can help seeing. He refuses to see any other intimation finest bouquets that could be had for of old age than gray hairs. That is the money, blue forget-me-nots forming only thing that scares him. His settled figure, his heavy gait, his eeply of hair dye to contradict

If he is sixty he ally believes he passes for forty. The thought makes him so gay at heart that he effervesces into boyish tollishness of manner, sadly incompetible with his figure and face. Alis intimate friends begin to that made me feel more than half sav- | apologize for him, and strangers find femselves exchanging ridicule for pity

when they look upon him. He is so sure of the perfect success of cars, and flatters himself that women sees some other imbecile who has the glaring failure. Everybody is fal- on it, hoisted his tail for a sail, lible on hair dye but himself. Unenlightened as to his own grotesqueness, he travels the rest of life's journey in the unadulterated bliss of ignorance, a creature that should move the hardest of us to mercy.-Louisville Courier-

The American's Endurance of Cold. Lieut. Greely is of the opinion that his men, if well provisioned, could not have continued to live at Fort Conger more than five years. The constitution of the average American is not capable of prolonged continuous adjustment to more than zero cold, and such acclimatization could only come about after a series of generations where the law of survival of the fittest should with a

erate, and in organization, in which nutritive and muscular development should predominate over cerebral development; in other words, nature has shown us in the mentally dwarfed but physically hardy Esquimaux, the type of organization best fitted for living in those septentrional latitudes. It, however, is no less a matter of fact that the inhabitants of meridianal climes on the river, having lost my Adela, I ly to the most extreme coid. In the retreat from Moscow, in 1812, the Italian regiments stood the cold better than the Germans, and notably better than the Russians, who were accustomed to the climate. The Turks presented the same relative immunity at the siege of Sebastopol. Longet, from whom these facts are taken, remarks that the aptiwho go to the torrid zone to live, are time after their return to their native country, though this lessened suscepti-

Medical Record. a pack of hounds can follow a fox right through it and never touch a hair.—Bill Arp in Atianta Constitution.

authorities became cognizant of consideration on his part and conveyed him to a protoplasm."

"A protoplasm." "A protoplasm." "What in the part of Webster is the part of the part of Webster is the part of Webster is the part of Webste the name of Webster is that?" "If rou will glance at Worcester you will An engie shot in Lapland had at Train Tak."

bility disappears after a year or two. -

find that protoplasm signifies a cell." Of the 60,000 Jews in New York city, l not one of them is a bartender.

The "Mildle Initial."

It is not long since the English aceu-sation that Americans have an exclusive fondness for a triple name was calmly answered by an allusion, on the part of the indignant patriots, to "those ell known Yankees, William Ewart Hadstone, Thomas Babington Macaulay, William Makepeace Thackeray, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor and Percy Bysshe Shelley" and as an offset to the English claim ofdouble name, to "those well-known Englishmen, Washington Irving, Horace Greeley, George Bancroft, Abra-ham Lincoln, Edwin Booth and Nathaniel Hawthorne." Each of these lists could be almost indefinitely extended, until, certainly, it would become evident that Americans have no sobing as if her heart would break. exclusive claim upon the triple name, and thus far the satire loses its point. But, driven from these points, satirists without number, and such novelists as the middle initial letter as an undoubted Americanism. We were continually told of such characters as Olivia Q. Fleabody, the doctress, in one of Ystas' novels, vast emphasis being attached to the middle faities. Yates and Trollope, began to ridicule

the middle initial. The custom of writing and speaking. the middle letter on every possible oc-casion strikes an educated Englishman as very absurd, and, as a rule, some Americans have reluctantly accepted the British impeachment of this taste. American bur esque of the free Western type has seized upon this much abused initial and makes its novelist hero "Mortimer J. Brown," or "Peter W. Grandicourt." - We are tempted to even ask if C orge J. Washington or live Napoleon V. Bonaparte would not have Just around the corner, sir.' found himself handicapped for life. But what if this satire should prove

to have slight foundation, and this last and undisputed Americanism were, to some extent, an Anglicism also? It "Yes, sir! I've got a little sister the middle initial is a commercial hab- ad the baby. Annie and me hung up when, from all we can learn, a large lears she added: 'Oh, sir! Wasn't he number of names in which the middle mean?' initial is used would appear. But more "There, don't cry, my child. I direct evidence is at hand. When, inknow Santa Ciaus and I'll tell him to 1868, Minister Adams left London a bring you something nice to-night." twenty-three were firm names or titles, an alleyway to a rear tenement house, twenty-three were firm names or littles in aneyway to a rear tenement house, twenty were of one given name and up three flights of stairs, opened the surname, twenty-nine were of three door and Hollowed her into the room. names apiece. Lastly, of these twenty: "There was the pale-faced mother nine distinguished Englishmen, nine the reliable in her arms. used the middle initial, and three used. "I explained to her privately what would seem that America had no explicated them to go and hang

A Squirrel Story. Everybody in Albany knows leter man, the drab, or even the Russia- immortal G. W. as weare told, "could not tell a lie," while Peter could if he There is a striking and painful dis- would, but he wouldn't. Such was the if he has departed from the training he received while learning the "art preservative" in his early youth it must be attributed to evil associations since he the mother and children. went to rolling pills.

But to the squirrel story which Peter tells. Chan Jones was telling a big yarn the other day, and that reminded Peter of a circumstance which he says he witnessed with his own eyes, and which, after obtaining the floor from Chan, he proceeded to tell, as follows: "You know where the old mill used o he at Palmyra?"

"Yes," said a bystander. "Well, sir, once, a long time ago, me and another fellow were on the creek down below the mill a piece, and we saw a cat squirrel come to the edge his ruse that he gets into the habit of of the water on the other side. After removing his hat when he is in horse- a while he went off into the bushes and then came back with a big piece of think him handsome. Sometimes he pine bark in his mouth. We watched him to see what he was going to do, taken the same plan to defeat the ene- and, sir, first thing we knew he laid my, Time, and laughs in his sleeve at the bark in the edge of the water, got went sailing across the creek. He just sailed across as pretty as anything you

> "But, Peter," interrupted an incredulous listener, "the Kinchafoone is a big creek, and the current is pretty swift just below the old mill." "Well. I don't care if it is. I reckon he could have steered with one of his hind feet, couldn't he? There ain't no use talking, it's a fact, gentlemen. I saw with my own eyes, and it's the truth, whether you all believe it or

ever saw,"

not."-Albany (Ga.) News. Neuralgia and Headache.

Nothing is so severe neaequire it often enough by the conditions of school life. Headaches in a girl usually mean exhausted nerve power through overwork, over-excitement, over-anxiety or bad air. Rest, a good laugh or a country walk will isually cure it readily enough, to begin with. But to become subject to headache is a very serious matter, and all such nervous diseases have a nasty tendency to recur, to become periodic, to be set up by the same causes, to become an organic habit of the body. For any woman to become liable to neuralgia is a most terrible thing. It means that while it lasts life is not that's one of the tricks of the 'feshun. worth living. It paralyzes the power to work; it deprives her of the power to enjoy anything; it tempts the use of narcotics and stimulants. So says Dr. Nelson and so say I. A girl who finds erself subject to neuralgia should at once change her habits, if but to grow strong in body. Of what use is education with ill-health? A happy girl must be a healthy one. The Greeks ducated their girls physically; we educate ours montally. The Greek mother bore the finest children the world ever produced. Dr. Holbrook in his great works on marriage and parent-age gives a chapter on the Grecian ed-eah so de oder passengers will see an' ucation of girls. He claims that it | leah de better I like it. Talk bout de | not know. He happened to be in the genitor is not in." Caller—"I am one decision of girls I comes very near to the education that of the depositors in his bank, which I comes very near to the education that adies likin' flattery, dey ain't no come room when the cook came and said:

I am going to fix a machine in Captain will you please gib me out do coffee. find has suspended payment. Can you we need for them to-day, and we quite har'son to de gemmen. Da' ain't no them heavy or light according to the pay. I've hired cordwood cut by the cord and they can pack it so loose that authorities became cognizant of considerable for when and their beauty lasted till the was a 'sper'enced traveler an' old age. The beautiful Helen was as old age. The beautiful Helen was as 'sper'enced traveler an' old age. The beautiful Helen was as 'sper'enced traveler an' old age. The beautiful Helen was as 'sper'enced traveler an' old age.

> tached to it a tin box containing s Denmark, 1792."

SCRETHING FOR BABIES. dent That Surgested a Popu-

Somedian's Newest Song. ton want to know how I came to write that song, eh?" said W. J. Scanlande a reporter of The Free Press who had received a hint of some pretty in-cident in that connection. "I'll tell cidett in that connection.

List Christmas week I was playing an ergagement at Hayerly's Theater. Brestlyn. On Christmas day there wasa heavy snow storm and the theaters were comparatively deserted. While on mry way to the hotel after the Just at that moment the lamplighter lighted the lamp and passed on.
The child did not even police him.

The picture will ever linger in my min that slight, childish figure

She answered between her sobs,

In crying because Santa Claus didn't tidn't come to cur house last I understood it all-poverty and no Ssta Claus.

'Well, don't cry, little one. He may What an expression of joy lit up her factas she quickly replied, 'Oh, sir! do ou think he will?"

"I am sure of it—where do you

I-took her hand and said, 'Come; I wi go with you.'
On our way I asked, 'Have you any

must be remembered that the use of dnie, she's only 4, and Tony, he's 2, it, and the names of the English co pur stockings last night, but Santa mercial classes should be studied, Claus didn't come!' And bursting into

testimonial was presented to him and "She stopped and said: This is it had seventy-two signatures, of which where I live, sir.' She led me through

the first initial and the full middle ad happened and what I wanted to name—a custom which has also been o. During our conversation she told respectation and under the sun that you can't keep your eyes off it to save your life. This peculiar tinge is arrived at after long application, and expresses the abused hair's refusal to absorb any more poison. Sometimes when nitrate of silver is the article which does vioand tell him to fill them. In an instant off went shoes and stockings, and the

children darted into the other room to theng them up. "As soon as they were out of hear-

wen's wing could hold a candle to it.

No Indian could rival it. The blackest drug store he served in carrier boy and printers could look dull and dim beside it. This is the hue that gives its victim was taught to always tell file truth in this room white leaves bless drug store he served in carrier boy and printers could hold a manufacture of which always tell file truth in this room white leaves bless and some and some and some and population of the carrier boy and printers of the carrier boy and printe it. This is the hue that gives its victim the highest satisfaction. He is, if posting the only difference between him and a basket with toys, candies and popthe highest satisfaction. He is, if pos-sible, happier than the blue haired the father of his country being that the sible, happier than the blue haired the father of his country being that the corn. I then stopped at a corner gro-sible, happier than the blue haired the father of his country being that the cery and filled another basket with provisions and the largest turkey I could find. Then loaded down I returned to crepancy between the deep lines in his face and the extravagantly youthful left the News and Livertiser office, and the front room, filled the stockings. the coal-heaver's home. I slipped into placed the basket on the floor, and passing through the hall knocked at the door of the room where I had left

"As soon as I entered the little ones crowded around me. " Did you tell Santa Claus?"

"Yes, go and look at your stockings. He must have been here by this swimmer. As the shark swept up and

"Off they scampered, the mother following with the baby. screamed with delight. In they came, the children with stockings in hand and mouths full of candy and popcorn and the woman with the turkey on one arm and the baby on the other. The poor mother, with tears in her eyes, said: You're so good, sir. What's your

name, sir?' " 'My name-"Peek-a-Boo." ' " 'That's a funny name, sir-write it down, please, so I can tell my husband when he comes back.

"I did so. "What shall I tell Santa Claus, children?' "And the child I met on the street answered: 'Tell him he's awful good, sir, and you're awful good, too. sir! because you made him come. There, I tail. I cut a gash in that fellow alknew he would bring something for the

babies.' "A happy thought struck me-something for the babies-a good title for a new song. I looked at my watch. It was after 6 o'clock. I bade the mother and little ones good-bye and hurried to my hotel. It was nearing theater time. I had only half an hour to eat my dinner, but I enjoyed my Christmas tur-

He Studied Human Daves

"Yo' don't want yo' berf made up vit, does you?" inquired the porter of a middle aged passenger, "yo' mos' always has nudder cigar 'bout this time ob the ebenin'. De smokin' room's nigh empty now, sah." The gentleman addressed had aleady smoked two or three cigars since supper, and a few minutes before had remarked that he was sleepy, but in

ive minutes he was again in the smoking room, puffing away. Curiosity as to the meaning of the porter's strange conduct led to inquiry. "Well, yo' mustn't give it away, but, I makes a pint ter 'member somethin' about every gemmen dat travels on my zah. If he drinks a little liquor I jokngly puts him in mind ob it de nex' 'Nother one may be partic'la' bout de vent'lashun, an' I'll ax him if le temptuah suits him, telling him I member how 'ticlar he is. I tells nore than one gemmen dat he smokes le bes' cigabs ever burned in my cah. any little peculiarity or whim, an'bout very man has one or mo', I 'member nd humor him in it, yo' see. I try to nake ebery man b'lieve I know him,

scrap of parchment on which was wit- Cooperage consumes over \$33,000,000 ten: "Caught and set free in Falsead, worth of wood annually in the prose-____ loution of that business.

Strange Fossil.

An extraordinary fossil-if fossil it is -was pleased up by me on the banks of Spavinaw Creek, in the Indian Territory, about twenty miles from the west line of Benton County, Arkansas. The country through which the Spavinaw flows is very rough. In many places rocky bluffs rise to a considerable hight on either side, and sometimes on both sides. Rugged hills that can be seen for miles on either side flank the stream from its source to its mouth. The rocky formation seems to be flint and limestone. The bed of the creek is composed of solid rock in some places and very coarse gravel in others. The water is clear and limpid, always cool and pleasant in the hottest summer weather.

The supposed fossil is about the size of a large walnut. The features of the human face-eyes, nose, mouth, forehead cheeks, and chin-may all be discerned; of course not readily and distinctly by every one, but still they are there-somewhat distorted, it is true, for the chis is not in line with the nose, which makes one eye appear to be lower than the other. But this may be accounted for by the fact that the body, before and at the time petrification began, was lying on one side with something under the head, thus raising it above the plane on which the body rested. The lower jaw is fallen, as is usually the case after death. Water flowing over it and other action of the elements have defaced it to some extent, but if it does not prove itself to be a genuine fossil of a human head it is certainly a surprising imitation, and I cannot believe that it is a mere freak of Nature. The sutures or seams in the skull, with so many other points of resemblance, seem to preclude all idea of its being only a freak, and yet Nature

is full of freaks. I know that it is a very common thing for people in rough countries like this to pick up curious specimens in the forms of various sorts of stones, but I have never seen anything in the shape of a fossil bearing any resemblance to a human head so small as this. It was lying half buried in the loose dirt on the bank of the creek, and only a few feet from the water's edge, when it attracted my notice. The features were turned up, showing the outlines of a human face, although it lay some distance from me. None but persons entirely ignorant of geology, and most of them of limited intelligence, have seen it, yet most of them agree that it must be a fossil human head. I shall not be satisfied till it has been investigated by scientific men. I

Remarkable Bravery of a Diver. About fifty young men were bathing at Stapleton, S. I., when a shark was suddenly seen making toward the group. The bathers were soon ort of danger, except Thos. Kochler, who did not hear the warning. The shark turned and started toward Koehler. Its white belly flashed in the water when it was a few yards distant from the young man, who had been informed of his danger and was making for the wharf, It looked as if the shark would surely reach him before he could get out of the water. The shark and Koehler were on opposite sides of the pier, and among those on the wharf was John Taylor, formerly a diver. Taylor hastily borrowed a sailor's sheath knife and ran out to the end of the pier in the path of the shark. As it came nearer the crowd saw that it was a monster more than eight feet long, and one of the shovel-nose species. Taylor is a large man and an expert was rushing toward Koehler, Taylor sprang from the pier with the sheath knife in his right hand. He jumped "Such a merry shout of laughter about eight feet before striking the greeted my ears; even the baby water, and landed just beside the shark. The whole weight of his body was thrown on the knife, which he plunged as he touched the water into the shark's stomach. Instantly Taylor's arm, the water and the shark were almost hidden in blood. The shark made a terrible plunge, rolled over on its stomach, and when within three feet of Koehler turned and disappeared in the deep water. Taylor swam ashore without the knife. "I left it sticking in the cuss," he said. "The carcass will be found in a couple of days. When a shark turns on its back, which it has to do to bite anything, it cannot turn its course easily because the eyes are under. There is no danger so long as a man jumps behind the head and does not get struck by the most one foot long and six inches

deep."-N. Y. Tribune. How She Curled Her Hair.

She was a very pretty girl, tastefully dressed, and her brown hair curled and rolled about her low white forehead in a way that was entrancing, considering how hot the weather was, and how many fair locks that had been curled that morning were hanging in straight was warm in church, too, and were rattling in every seat. There were lots of flies about, but people seated in her immediate vicinity were pleased to notice that they all assembled and hovered around the pretty girl, and only the young man who sat beside her was troubled occasionally by the little pesterers that she impatiently brushed from her face when they became unbearably annoving. At the conclusion of the service the pretty girl and her escort walked out with the rest of the congregation, and the young man was heard to exciaim, "By George! did vou ever see so many flies, Nell?" and Nell replied in smothered and remorseful tones: "Did you notice them, Fred? I declare I shall never try that again; I curled my hair with sugar and water this morning." And then the flies discovered their departing victim in the throng, and with an exciting buzz inade for her. It doesn't do for even a pretty girl to be too fly. -Providence Journal.

A newly-married Austin lady does not know anything about housekeeping, but she is anxious to have her husband believe that there is nothing in the housekeeping line that she does "Will you please gib me out de coffee.

plea for a new divorce law, with the common cry of equal rights, not for the woman only, but for father, mother

The following is the substance of a conversation of an "old trader" between Queensland and some of the Polynesian groups: There might be some forty schooners go out on an average in the course of a year to some part or other of the southern seas. Money is not yet understood by most of the islanders, though they are beginning to take particular notice of it.
What they generally get is tobacco,
pipes, calico, American axes, knives, etc. Sometimes, too, I fancy the "boys" we get are sold to us by others who have captured them, and are glad to get something for them. In a few instances we pick up people who are running away from enemies. This is not common, but I remember one case. The boats were lying off an island in the usual way, the first close by the beach with the "cover" boat a little way behind it, when a beautiful young woman plunged off a point of rock into the surf, and, after diving under the heavy breakers, reached the smooth water and soon had hold of the gunwale of the first boat and sprt board. In make and shape she was

one of the finest specimens of the human race I have ever seen; her features small and exceedingly regular, her eyes almost black, with long, black lashes, and she had beautiful hands and feet. Her hair was all shaved, with the exception of one tuft of long hair on the crown of the head. which was rolled up tight in a small tuft. She was in a perfect state of nudity, and as she sat there unabashed with her hands raised to her head arranging her tuft, she was the most While sitting in the stern sheets of the boat, which was fast distancing the

graceful creature I ever saw. shore, she was casting anxious looks back to the spot from which she had leaped, and of a sudden her eyes brightened up, and there was a smile, that had some sort of devilment in it, playing over her face, caused by her having caught sight of her pursuers, three in number, with bow and arrow in hand. The foremost of them went down on his right knee, and the gir motioned the men to look out, and before he could take his aim the boat's sail was run haif way up the mast, and was a protection for all in the boat. The sail had not been more than a few minutes up before several arrows pierced it, and struck there. This was a signal for the boat's crew to seize their Snider rifles, and the first shot caused the first man to roll over, and the others instantly took to the bush, and no more was seen of them. We landed our fugitive safely on the ship's deck, and she was supplied with clothing, and soon at home with other female recruits on board .- Pall Mail Ga zette.

Cruelly Misunderstood. Quite too cruelly misunderstood, says Clara Belle in the Cincinnati Enquirer. was a friend of mine who took her white hands, and the tools that made them to Saratoga. She had a trunk half filled with these manicure utensils. together with a great lot of mixtures in pots and bottles. She had been an acute sufferer from the mania for beau tifying the hands, you comprehend, and these were the consequences, as arranged on the bureau in her hotel room: A pot of powder for polishing the nails, a bottle of liquid for bleach ing them, a file for trimming them, an emery board for beveling them, and salve for tinting them pink; a pot of cream for softening the hands, a special cake for washing them, and a pair of scissors for cutting off hang-nails. Imagine the sort of array these things made. They made the room look like the office of, a physician and surgeon. She had a call from the landlord the very afternoon that she arrived. He said that he really begged her pardon for seeming uncivil, but the fact was that a hotel was exceedingly ticklish property-so liable to become unfashionable for slight reasons, and requiring the most delicate management. As for himself, he would have no earthly objection to letting her carry on business under his roof, but he was sorry to decide that it would be prejudicial to his business.

"What in the name of common sense are you talking about?" the girl ex-

claimed "Why, these things," said he gesturing toward the beautifying appara-"Are you not a doctress?" Then she sat down in a chair and had some hysterics of laughter previous to explaining what the things were for and then, when she came to think it over, she got mad as hops, packed up the implements, and moved to anothe

hotel. Speaking of hands, let me in the kindliest spirit advise all girls to avoid a certain new notion as to the way to shake hands with a man. It consists in hollowing the hand rigidly when he clasps it, so that the knuckles feel to him about like the back of an angry cat, and the concaved palm is out of contact with his. Believe me, a fellow had as lief grip a corn-husk as the fair est hand thus distorted. Don't do it,

dear girls.

Catch 'Em by Electricity. A tall, delicate, pale-faced young man, with an intellectual looking face, stood nervously twirling a bundle of strings in his hand this morning, at the No. 2 engine house, talking to Major Hughes.

"I am glad you are getting along so well," said the major, kindly. "There is no reason why fish cannot be caught by electricity," replied the boy, half to himself and half to the major. "You see," continued the boy, turning to a reporter, "I am experimenting on a machine that will make fishing one of the easiest things in the world. A man can lay in bed and fish. I have a model of my machine made, and it works perfectly. I have not obtained a patent on it yet. The outline of the way it works is this: You take your bait and throw it into the water, The line is attached by a switch to a magnet. When the fish bites the line switches the current of electricity into the magnet and the magnet pulls a pin out of a slot. This causes a long lever to fly up and hangs the fish. As soon as he is hooked a bell starts ringing and continues until you take the fish off the line. You can arrange the machine so that it can be put at the head of your bed and the ringing of the bell will awaken you. Of course you must be near the river. Devan's Life Station. I have been working at electricity several years and made several electric machines. I was fishing the other day on the river when it struck me that trouble and FLOWER. time might be saved by using electric-Elizabeth Cady Stanton is out with a ity. I am having castings made now, and soon expect to have my invention in working order."

The name of the young inventor is For sale at the Drug Store of William Vandagrift. - Louisville Times.

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